

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its firing me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.

BURIED TREASURE

By MOLLY M'ASHER.

David Gordon was digging a hole in the earth in which to sink the fourth upright of his rustic arbor. When his spade hit and exposed to view a battered old tin box David was projected back in his memory to the days of playing pirate and of buried treasure. The bold buccaneer who had hid this particular box had been a female Captain Kidd. A sadly-mutilated doll, a string of blue grass beads and a tiny leather purse were the contents of the concealed receptacle. In time he managed to decipher a name and a date—Barbara Folsom, 1900, August.

He put aside the box and proceeded with his digging. The name Barbara lingered in his mind, however, and, in some vague way, it seemed to suggest something familiar to him. It even seemed as if he had seen the name Barbara Folsom in print, but he could not recall when or where.

"It looks as if romance were not entirely extinct," he laughed. "I'd like to find that girl and send her the box for a birthday gift." This seemed so utterly absurd that he laughed still more decidedly. For aught he knew, Barbara Folsom, formerly a pirate, might now be doing missionary service in South Africa or the far East. Surely not—heaven forbid! Not a girl who had once been a pirate and buried a cast-off doll and a string of blue beads!

"And it seems to me that it is only recently and in some magazine or other that I have seen that name," he reflected.

When he had finished setting the uprights he went in to dinner, still bearing with him the not-to-be-alluded name of Barbara Folsom—who was she? He found his answer sooner than he expected. It was the very name itself under the title of the very first piece of magazine fiction which met his eye.

"After all she's only a well-known woman," he sighed regretfully, for David did not take kindly to literary women.

Still, for some reason he could hardly fathom, he was prompted to write to the magazine office and ask Barbara Folsom for her address and the privilege of calling on her.

Barbara Folsom not only replied by mail, but intimated graciously that she should be glad to see him at her home on the following afternoon. Incidentally, she confessed that she was Mrs. John Fraser in private life.

Still, he felt no slight degree of uncertainty as to the wisdom of his procedure as he stood before the entrance of a modest apartment house in the Washington square neighborhood. He carried a bag in which was the pirate's treasure and he wondered what memories it would inspire in the mind of the one to whom it had belonged so many years ago. He had quite resigned himself to the existence of a Barbara Junior who would probably regard the battered doll with scornful disdain.

David was ushered into a cozy little room by Mrs. Fraser herself. She proved to be a delightful little matron, but he could not find in her the faintest resemblance to his conception of what the child pirate of long ago should be like.

"Barbara Folsom is only a pen name," she explained, after she had heard his story. "I borrow the names of my friends to lend dignity to my work."

"Then I have not found my pirate after all," he sighed rather distressedly.

"Lo—she comes!" laughed the little matron, rising and taking into her motherly arms a young woman who had entered just in time to hear David's wistful observation. "This is Barbara Folsom. I use her name often than any other nowadays because I love her best of all. Barbara,

this is Mr. David Gordon of whom I told you."

And almost before he had time to recover his self-possession a charming young woman, with merry eyes and a most unpractical expression, held out her hand in friendly greeting.

"And now I will see about some tea," bustled Mrs. Fraser, leaving them together.

Barbara was immensely interested in the recovered treasure. She welcomed the sorry-looking doll as if she were a long-lost relative and her bright eyes moistened at sight of the little purse and its cabalistic slips of paper. She hugged the string of beads to her heart and then clasped it about her slender neck.

"So you live in our old homestead," she said. "And I suppose you have a crew of little pirates who are hiding their treasure as I did so long ago?"

"I am not a married man," he answered simply, "but I do live in your old home."

She sighed—rather wistfully, David thought.

"This is all most romantic," chirped Mrs. Fraser returning with a tea cart bearing the fragrant Oolong and cakes. "I have just had an inspiration for a new story. The heroine is to be a youthful Captain Kidd in petticoats and she is to be captured by the man who finds her buried treasure. Isn't that perfectly great?"

"It certainly is," agreed David soberly.

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A RARE BIRD.

"Did I understand you to say that you were a reformer?"

"Yes."

"Well, I must be going."

"What's your hurry?"

"I haven't time this morning to hear a lecture on my shortcomings."

"Don't be alarmed. I'm trying to reform myself before I start in on anybody else."

"Your hand, most noble creature! You are the first true reformer I've ever met."

Sorrows of Song.

"The old songs used to talk about unrequited affection," said the bald-headed man.

"Yes. Somebody was supposed to be heart-broken about something all the time."

"There's no danger of heart trouble with these up-to-date songs. The only risk you run is that they will make you catch your breath till you get asthma."

Fixing Up a Date.

As Jimkins had partly torn a leaf off the calendar, Ned Nitwit came into the office.

"Ah, going to take a day off, I see," said Ned, with an expansive grin.

"Naw," growled Jimkins, sourly. "I'm just fixing up a date with my stenographer," he replied, as he called that pretty young lady over to help him adjust the partly torn leaf.

TOO BAD.



"Is he shrewd on sizing up the female character?"

"He only failed on two occasions."

"When were they?"

"Before he was married and after."

THE COUNTY FAIR

By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Farmers' Union

The farmer gets more out of the fair than anyone else. The fair to a city man is an entertainment; to a farmer it is education. Let us take a stroll through the fair grounds and linger a moment at a few of the points of greatest interest. We will first visit the mechanical department and hold communion with the world's greatest thinkers.

You are now attending a congress of the mental giants in mechanical science of all ages. They are addressing you in tongues of iron and steel and in language mute and powerful tell an eloquent story of the world's progress. The inventive geniuses are the most valuable farm hands we have and they perform an enduring service to mankind. We can all help others for a brief period while we live, but it takes a master mind to tower into the realm of science and light a torch of progress that will illuminate the pathway of civilization for future generations. The men who gave us the sickle, the binder, the cotton gin and hundreds of other valuable inventions work in every field on earth and will continue their labors as long as time. Their bright intellects have conquered death and they will live and serve mankind on and on forever, without money and without price. They have shown us how grand and noble it is to work for others; they have also taught us lessons in economy and efficiency, how to make one hour do the work of two or more; have lengthened our lives, multiplied our opportunities and taken toll off the back of humanity.

They are the most practical men the world ever produced. Their inventions have stood the acid test of utility and efficiency. Like all useful men, they do not seek publicity, yet millions of machines sing their praises from every harvest field on earth and as many plows turn the soil in mute applause of their marvelous achievements.

HOME TOWN BUILDING.

How to Turn the Trade of the Outlying Districts Towards the Stores of the Local Merchants.

In my previous letter, I promised to say something about the business of the mail order catalogue houses, as it is looked at from the farmers' viewpoint.

In the first place, the mail order business is here to stay, simply for the reason that it is popular and is looked upon as a blessing by the farmers of the country. It is based upon a principle of barter and exchange, which always has and always will get the business. The big well illustrated catalogue has become the family guide book in many of the rural districts of the United States and of England as well.

Not many people know that the mail order plan of selling goods originated in England, but that is a fact. Upward of sixty-five years ago, a few of the employees of the Government in London pooled a few dollars, placed the amount in the hands of the Purchasing Agent of the Navy Department, with the consent of the Secretary of the Navy, and from the purchase of household supplies for these few clerks developed the great co-operative mail order business of the Naval Junior Stores of London.

The founder of the first mail order business in America simply copied the plan of the English Navy department clerks, and eliminated the shareholder feature, which is part of the original, as well as of the present Naval Junior stores method.

When the first order was passed by the Secretary of the English navy, granting the privilege of making use of the facilities of the Purchasing Department, it was stipulated that the goods so purchased must be for the exclusive use of the department employees only. This resulted in a shareholders association, which was limited to the clerks in the Navy Department, as long as the buyer in that department was made use of, but the advantages of the plan were quickly realized and the employees in all of the other departments of the Government clamored for the privilege of participating in it. The shares were then increased, a small warehouse secured, and a special buyer was employed, after which the government purchasing department was not made use of. It was not long before relatives and friends of the government employees were indirectly buying their household supplies through the co-operative store. Then the plan was extended, so that the general public

might become holders of shares, or parts of shares. One share may be divided up among not less than fifty people. Each of these decimal parts of shares participate in very excellent dividends, which are paid quarterly. The selling business of the association is confined exclusively to the shareholders. The only reason why this plan has been continued to the present time, is that it is part of the English habit to stick to traditional methods. That is where the mail order catalogue plan of doing business originated. The Chicago man who started the first mail order house in the United States was not a pioneer, except in the changes made in the selling plan.

It is true that the mail order houses of the big cities have monopolized the bulk of the business of the rural districts, but they have made themselves very popular with the farmers of the country and many people look upon them as a blessing. That plan of doing business has come to stay. It is the common sense method and it will continue to get the orders. The big catalogues are instructive and interesting. There are few magazines which are more so.

I take the same interest in newspaper advertisements if prices are quoted, otherwise they are a blank to me.

Everybody is interested in goods for home wants that are advertised in the newspapers, but only when the price and a description is attached. Such an advertisement in any home town paper will get results that will astonish you. I think and I often wonder why storekeepers don't use that plan.

Ask any Patron of Our Job Department—

- If the quality of the stock used is satisfactory—
- If our designing is appropriate, attractive, well executed—
- If our deliveries are prompt—

—in fact, we court any sort of investigation of the product of this department—as to quality, service, price, or any thing else which makes the satisfaction of our patrons a certainty. Our equipment is the largest, most up-to-date in this section of the state outside of the large cities and is capable of turning out a finished product equal to that of any printing establishment anywhere. And the prices will be found lower, quality considered, than any competing plant in this territory will quote. Give us a chance to bid on your next order and let us prove our claims. No job is too large for us to undertake, nor too small to merit careful execution. Look thru your supply of stationery NOW and see if some important form is not about out—and get in touch with us.

Letter Heads Special Blanks
Note Heads Shipping Tags
Bill Heads Pamphlets
Statements Circulars
Envelopes Catalogs

Cotton Account-of-Sale Blanks
Cotton Shipping Tickets
Ginners' Receipt Books, Etc.

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Counting Your Money



will occupy your entire time when you become a regular advertiser in THIS PAPER. Unless you have an antipathy for labor of this kind, call us up and we'll be glad to come and talk over our proposition.

Chlorosis Green Sickness

Delicate girls who are approaching the age of womanhood are usually subject to this disease. They are pale because the blood is weak and watery. Their complexion has a sickly greenish cast which gives the disease its name. They have no vitality and if exposed to any unusual excitement, excessive labor or cold dampness are liable to contract some disease that will disastrously effect their whole future lives. It is a most critical period. The right remedy to relieve this condition and bring back the rosy hue of health is

DR. SIMMONS Squaw Vine Wine

It is a palatable remedy, a fine, pleasant tasting medicine. Its agreeable flavor, however, is no criterion of its efficacy. It does the work expected of it more promptly than the harsh, bitter tasting medicines. It begins the restorative process with the first dose and if used for a reasonable period, the misery, weakness and pallor disappear, the spirits rise, the appetite becomes good, the sleep sound and restful and the thin, vitiated blood is revitalized and goes coursing through the veins, carrying new life, strength and energy to all parts of the body.

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